

THE JOURNAL.

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THE WEATHER.

The official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and slightly warmer; northerly winds.

Huber is out. If only it were Hoeber!
 Poor John L. seems to have fallen once too often.

Cecil Rhodes is going to run for Parliament, now that he has had to run from the Boers.

The first bill for police reorganization has made its appearance in Senate and House. Now the battle will begin.

Spain laughed at the Cuban resolutions in the Senate. And they will be laughable unless something is done soon.

That eminent ex-boss, John Y. McKane, is reported to be deeply grieved at the prospect of Consolidation. Was he hoping for future triumphs?

Why do our State Senators want leaves of absence? The session affords rarely the time for the work which they are paid to do.

Aunt Mary Lense has written a poem in which some of the Populists whom she once so much adored will get their hair combed the wrong way.

Weyler, the persecutor of invalids and women in Cuba, proposes to torture the Cubans for two years. But they will be extricated from his clutches long before that.

General Draper's resolution with regard to Mr. Bayard is the most sensible one yet. To violently abuse an American Ambassador because he has been indiscreet would be very bad taste.

Brer Lexow and his committee on Greater New York had a narrow escape yesterday. They now deign to give us in the metropolis a hearing on Saturday—probably because it is a short day.

Closure in the State Senate solely for facilitating the operation of the Republican machine would be an outrage. The minority must have a fair chance to express its opinion. A gag would be an abomination.

If Senator Tillman is a type of the Senators whom we should have after the popular revolution which he prophesies, the majority in the nation will have every measure to prevent such a terrible catastrophe as that revolution.

THE CITIES VS. RAINES.

The opponents of the Raines bill have now got that measure "between the devil and the deep sea," to use their own forcible phraseology; and it is comforting to know that ruin awaits it on either hand. Its constitutionality is openly disputed, and its obvious injustice renders it generally unpopular. The courts would never sustain a bill levying eight times as heavy a tax on a business in New York City as in the country districts. The people of the cities will fight hard against a measure which is the negation of Home Rule. The trouble with legislators of the type of Mr. Raines is that they do not think the people are in earnest. They believe that the cities can be either wheedled or coerced into submission to what is an odious tyranny. The fate of the Raines bill will be likely to teach them an interesting lesson.

Many of the large cities in various sections of the State have steadily campaigned against the bill ever since it was presented in the Legislature. No truer definition has ever been given of it than that of the editor of the Auburn Bulletin, who declares that it is "neither low license nor high license. It is a makeshift drafted to meet the exigencies of the politicians who are in the saddle." There you have its essence. "Its main purpose is to establish for the State Government a false reputation for economy at the expense of the cities of the State." It is of the highest importance that the Republicans should not be allowed to escape the consequences of their extravagance. They ought to be beaten fairly and squarely at the next election on the sole issue of a reckless administration, and they surely will be if such conspiracies as that of which the Raines bill is the expression are swept aside. From Watertown comes the opinion that the Raines bill "invades the right of local self-government." From Dunkirk a similar expression is heard; from Buffalo ample condemnation is forthcoming. A Jamestown editor says that it undoubtedly has for its object the placing of an unjust burden upon the people of the larger cities in the interests of the rural communities.

Of course it imposes "unjust burdens," but Mr. Raines has a magnificent disdain for justice; he wants money. If he could put off the evil day of reckoning with the taxpayers by taking from New York and her sister communities every dollar derived from taxation which belongs to them, he would do it cheerfully. He looks

over New York as Blucher looked down upon London from the dome of St. Paul's, thinking "what a lovely place to pillage" it is. He disdains protests like those uttered yesterday by Seth Low and Charles Stewart Smith, and still pushes forward his antiquated, unfair and foredoomed measure. He cannot bring himself to think that the effort for Home Rule is growing stronger daily, and will soon spring into vigorous, aggressive action.

President Flynn, of the Nassau Electric Railroad lines in Brooklyn, is going to combine with his present business that of backing a company which will produce Shakespearean plays. He is evidently convinced that trolleys and tragedies should go together.

BUILDERS AND BLACKMAIL.

It is not very pleasant to be told, by the investigating Commissioners of Accounts, that New York has been dowered, by a Building Department which seems to have been thoroughly corrupt, with a host of buildings which can hardly stand alone. Blackmailing on a gigantic scale is alleged to have taken place in this department when Tammany was in control of the city; and dishonest builders are said to have taken advantage of the ease with which the laws could be violated to run up tenement houses on the East Side which are absolutely dangerous to live in.

Once in every few years New York has been shocked by the collapse of some densely packed building and a horrible sacrifice of lives. The investigations held have usually shown that the principal elements of security had been disregarded in the construction, or that the floors had been overloaded in spite of the strict injunctions to the inspectors not to permit it. The rottenness of the department has been very generally considered as responsible for the rottenness of the structures which collapsed in ruin.

The present searching inquiry into the conduct of officials leaves little doubt that there was a plan to tempt every builder to transgress the law, and then to bleed him. One scarcely knows which to consider most culpable—bleeders or bled. One courageous man testified at the investigation that he caused it to be stated that nothing could be got from him, and so the blackmailers let him alone. Why were not all other builders equally independent and fearless? Had they been so the city would not now have a hundred buildings which, many a time sink into ruin—sinking their fall hundreds of innocent human beings.

Some rare humorist says that the tenement sweat shop evil is starting up again. Considering that there are thousands of sweating dens in New York and Brooklyn which have never been suppressed, this statement certainly has funny points.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

The career of John L. Sullivan, which may terminate as the result of his accident in falling from a railroad train while drunk on Wednesday evening, is at once a lesson and a warning to ambitious youth. Sullivan was created an almost perfect fighting machine. He had the physique, the courage and the ferocity that made him an irresistible antagonist in his prime. Making the best use of the gifts with which Nature had endowed him in his early youth, he rose to the very first rank in his chosen calling. Wealth poured in upon him; great men were proud to take him by the hand; crowds followed him in the streets; his name was known in every country where man has risen above the level of the beast.

Had John L. Sullivan been strong enough to withstand the temptations that success always brings, he might even now hold the proud position of champion of the world. Had he been able to overcome his lust for strong drink he might to-day be battering another ruffian in the ring, to the plaudits of admiring thousands, instead of lying on a bed of sickness and pain.

But Sullivan was not strong enough to withstand the temptations that beset him in the exalted atmosphere to which his early successes elevated him. He lost the championship of the world, and was obliged to degrade himself by opening a drinking saloon, and he finally sunk to the dramatic stage. There is no more valuable temperance lecture than the story of John L. Sullivan's life, and if death results from the injuries he has sustained the moral will be all the more accentuated.

A Connecticut genius is said to have invented a surface car which will displace the trolley. Meantime the trolley continues violently to displace honest citizens who are pursuing the even tenor of their ways.

BICYCLES AS BAGGAGE.

According to wheelmen, bicycles are baggage; from the railroad man's point of view they are not. Upon this difference of opinion hinges an interesting fight in the present session of the State Legislature.

The cyclist argues that whatever a passenger takes with him on a journey for his personal use or convenience, either with reference to the immediate necessities of the journey or as a part of the ultimate purpose thereof, is baggage. Upon this reading, which is sustained by court decisions, the wheelmen stand, and they have pre-

road Committee, which is considering the Armstrong bill.

Documents are now ready, having been prepared by the New York State Division of the League of American Wheelmen, arguing that railroads should carry bicycles free of charge when the rider is a passenger, just as they do the tools of a mechanic, or the "traps" of a sportsman upon angling or hunting bent.

The basis of the railroad contention is that all lines which have carried bicycles free of charge have done so merely as an accommodation; that the wheels are unwieldy to handle, liable to damage in transit, and otherwise to be classed as delicate and fragile freight. Despite this contention, as every tourist wheelman has learned, these same railroads actually carry bicycles as "excess baggage," issuing receipts upon that classification, and exacting "releases" of terrifying construction and voluminous verbiage, the legal standing of which has been brought into question.

The New York State Division of the League of American Wheelmen has 10,283 members, all active in the present battle for what they believe to be their rights. To these must be added the vast army of unattached cyclists of this State, swelling the total to 100,000 people, at a conservative estimate, who are virtually interested in the measure.

One hundred thousand wheelmen fighting in unison for a purpose dear to each constitute a power that even railroads may fear.

The proud bird of freedom that was caught robbing a hen roost at Rockaway Beach is a disgrace to the emblem of American liberty. Instead of being placed on exhibition, it should be stripped of its feathers and its wings, and be sent abroad to suffer for having abused the confidence of Americans.

THE TIRADE OF TILLMAN.

It is less than a generation since the time when Senator, once Parson, Brownlow, of Tennessee, sent to the desk of the Senate of the United States a speech so personally, vindictively, and scandalously hostile to President Grant that it astonished the Clerk, who was called upon to read it because its author was too feeble from illness to deliver it.

After the first few lines had been heard the Senate revolted against the bitterness of the attack, and the speech was withdrawn. The same fate would probably have befallen the gross and personal assault on President Cleveland by South Carolina's Senatorial butt on Wednesday last if the Senators themselves had not been assailed as well as the President. The incoherent and blatant demagogue ought to have been instantly checked, and in some European parliamentary assemblies he would have been expelled from his seat for a month, with loss of pay for that period.

But a desire to be thought "fair" seems to have made the Senators indulgent, although they were all constructively sharers of Tillman's abuse of the head of the Government. An amusing feature of the demagogue's pronouncement was his attack on Senators as "men who get up like school-boys and read essays in a monotone to empty chairs." Five minutes thereafter, having insulted nearly everybody in the Senate Chamber, he pulled out a manuscript and "dropped into" reading without a blush!

The Manufacturers' Association of Kings and Queens counties now wants Newtown Creek deepened and widened. Judging from the odor, there is enough of it already. What the people of the Greater New York want is less, not more of the creek.

EXACTLY SO.

Judge Mulligan, United States Consul at Samoa, is at home on a visit, and the other day he told his friends and neighbors some wholesome truths. He said that when he was away off on that little speck of land in the Pacific Ocean, and looked across the stretches of water toward this country, he could think of neither Democrats nor Republicans, but only of America. And when he looked at the foreigners who surrounded him in Samoa, whether they were Germans or English, he found they were all against America.

Exactly so. He found his patriotism enhanced by his residence abroad. He did not find that universal longing for brotherhood and peace the existence of which the schoolmen are always asserting. He found that if America wished to preserve what she has got, not to speak of getting more, she must assert her policy, and show that she has power to support it. And if the schoolmen were not such stay-at-home people they would have long ago found it out, too.

The downfall of the Mahdi may decide the English to resume the aggressive in Upper Egypt, and will certainly make them more than ever determined to remain in the land of the Pharaohs. The Mahdi's career is a veritable romance. Served by warriors who proved admirable even against the most formidable modern weapons, he kept back the advance of white civilization, and reigned, over a wide area. He may be said to have put back African exploration by way of Egypt for at least ten years, and he had the savage satisfaction of keeping some of his old assailants captive for a long term. Other Mahdis will doubtless arise, even if he does not recover.

A White House Chance.

Senator Allison.

Allison is a bit wintry in appearance. In person he is short, thick and gray, like an April afternoon.

There is a sort of stocky and diminished buffalo native of Tartary. It is shaggy, a dingy gray, has all its hair. Moreover, it wears a look of sour sobriety, as if life was no glad, sweet song. Our morbid little gray buffalo is called the Royal Yak. And there is much about this morose subject of the Khan to remind one of Allison. The Yak statesman is the Royal Yak of the Senate.

Personally Allison is very honest; honest to the point of sentiment. Politically he doesn't mind so much, and so he is voyaging to his own interest his composure will scarcely shake should he find himself a cable's length or so to leeward of hard truth.

Were some lunatic anxious over certain legislation to offer Allison a bonus to aid his bill, that misguided assylumite would have to fight for his life. Allison's friends, however, are very fashionable with him; he will do much for them he wouldn't do for any sordid reason. Friendship is a tall-man potent to command Allison, and he's often on the wrong side in his lawmaking merely by request.

While Allison is honest, after all he is—aside from any pulling and hauling of friends—much led by the expedient. The currents of to-day, the breezes of the hour, have much to do in determining Allison's course. While his voyages, no doubt, have definite destination, he makes what sailor folk call "leeway."

There is that school of Government, crowded with public men as scholars, the ruling line of which is: "Statesmanship is the science of circumlocution." Allison attends on this school and is a student of promise, much led by that aphorism of his seminary just quoted.

Among other matters which just now conspire to make Allison of interest is the next blown chance that he may be the next President.

Allison asserts that he is a silver man. As a matter of fact, he isn't, albeit it is highly probable that he honestly believes he is. While he poses as for silver, Allison cannot make such gentry of white finance as Teller, Dubois and other believe it. They are silver leaders, those like Dubois, of the rule or ruin brood, who would rather see the country a wreck on a silver reef than pleasantly adrift on a golden ocean, regard Allison as crafty, designing, deplorable with guile.

Hepburn, a Representative of Iowa and a hot attendant on the Allison boat, showed Dubois a letter from Allison wherein he declared for free silver, 16 to 1.

"That should satisfy you," said Hepburn. "You ought to be for Allison."

"Oh, no, I hadn't," quoth Dubois. "I know Senator Allison. I've been in the Senate too long to be a stranger to Senator Allison. Your letter is all right as far as it goes, but you're a silver man. Go and get me the letter Allison writes to a goldbug. Then if he shows a silver feather I'll talk to you about giving him aid."

Dubois was more than two-thirds right. Still, it is not so much duplicity on Allison's part as an anxiety to be pleasant and agree. "Without one thought to mislead, Allison would insensibly write a silver letter to a silver man and a letter as yellow as saffron to a gold man."

In a world of finance made up of gold bugs and silver bugs Allison by nature is neither one nor the other. Allison is a straddle bug. There is much of the mirror to him, and with a faith in the expedients that is almost religious, Allison is apt to reflect a surrounding sentiment like a looking glass. In Rome Allison is decidedly Roman.

This weakness to agree, which is more a genius for being easy and a talent to please rather than a bent to make plots and set traps for men, is not always condemned in Allison's favor. His brother Senators, particularly the silver Senators, keep their eyes on him. They don't go to sleep when he is about, nor take their guns off while he is visiting them. Very frequently what is the sublimation of milky innocence on Allison's part is regarded by them with deep suspicion, they sniff at it as a case of double-crossing.

"Allison can pull on wooden shoes and run across a plank bridge and make no more noise than a Tom cat." That's what one silver Senator said, and they all believe it.

Much that Allison does of a private political kind goes far to justify this surmise that Allison is crafty in a smooth, insidious way. As, for instance:

He will leave Washington a picture of fashion as to costume, the best and most accurately dressed man who ever made a moccasin track in the mud of the Potomac flats. In Chicago, behold a change! Allison will stop over a day and then go into Iowa among his constituents in the slouch and flap-brimmed hat and dusty habiliments of a farmer. His make-up to invade his State is decidedly rustic.

"When I saw him after the change," said a young Iowa Representative, who had traveled with Allison from Washington and returned with a stylish garb; "when I saw his get-up after we'd been in Chicago an hour, I thought he was rigged for going out on the lake."

"Going fishing, Senator?" I asked. "No," he replied; "going home."

While Allison is pleasant and peace-loving, and apt to yield to correction and contradiction during debate, it is not for that he's timid. Insult Allison, and, well, that's not hot-tempered, nor as prompt as pepper in his resentments, still you'll have to settle.

"It is nothing but a jockey's trick," said Hill at midnight on the last day of the Fifty-second Congress, when Allison took the floor from him to bring up an appropriation bill. Hill, from one end of the Senate, put a trick to waste time and keep the Hudson River Bridge bill from being considered and passed.

Allison walked slowly over to Hill's desk and glowered down at him. The Senate held its breath. "You lie!" said Allison, grimly regarding Hill.

The latter's eye sparkled like a snake's, his mouth turned a shade sallow, but he made neither word nor move.

As illustrative of the absolute logic of Allison when he cares for logic, as well as an absolute determination to resist in position when there's no political end to serve by putting in with it, the following might be told: Allison was traveling in Germany, and after the cattle-car system of that kingdom was locked in a contract with a party who turned out to be a German nobleman, one of the sort, no doubt, whose ancestors were robber barons of the Rhine.

Allison had his window up. The robber baron didn't like it. Without a word of apology or request the robber baron arose, came bodily to Allison's seat and put down the window. Then he went back to his own.

Allison sat in dumb wrath for a moment and thought. Then he slipped across to the robber baron's window and put it up.

He had the robber baron's window even broken. Allison was traveling in Germany, and after the cattle-car system of that kingdom was locked in a contract with a party who turned out to be a German nobleman, one of the sort, no doubt, whose ancestors were robber barons of the Rhine.

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